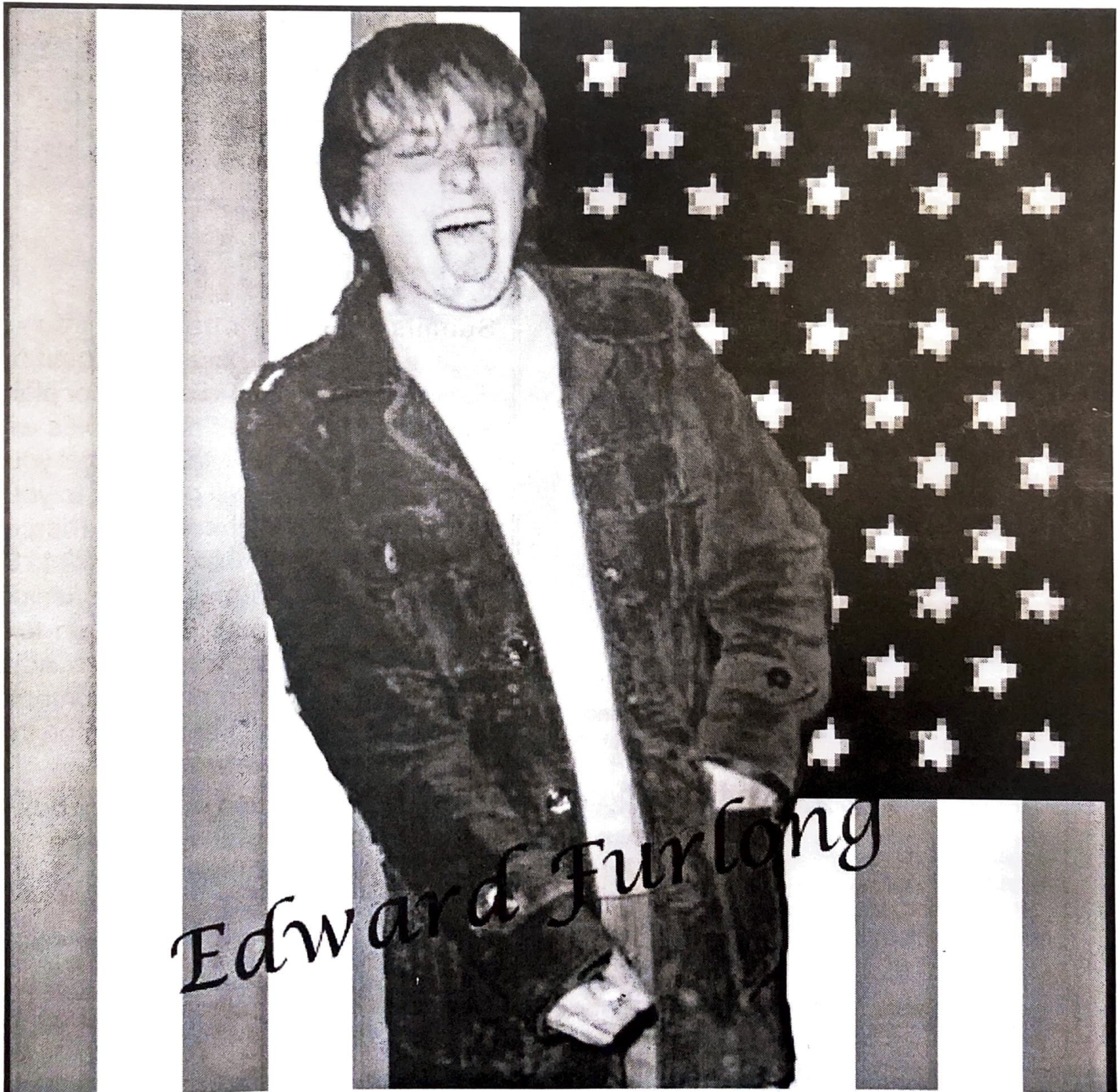


The Omen

Hampshire College - November 10, 2000 - Volume 15, No. 5

Congratulates the President-Elect:





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omen

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to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO
KARL MOORE



IN CHINA, IF YOU
DON'T MAKE THE
TOYS, THEY SHOOT
YOU. THAT'S
FUCKED UP!

FROM THE EDITOR



Well, the time has come for America to make another mistake that it will most likely blame on the poor. That's right: this Tuesday, as many of you probably don't know, will be Election Day. I remember in Elementary School when we would get a day off for Election Day. At the time, I didn't really care what the day was for, but this meant that I could get up at, like, ten o'clock and watch *Transformers* all morning. Rad!

But now, Election Day seems foreboding. It's as if, for one day, the people of this country will be at arms with each other, voting and joining different sides of this political battle of wits, kicks, and giggles. People are going to be left heartbroken, disillusioned by the system, hurting in ways they have never hurt before. I don't want to see this, and, unless you're some sick, twisted, perverted shitbox of a loser, you wouldn't want to see this either.

Based on this, I have decided to spend Election Day hiding in my room. I don't want to be seen if I can help it. Instead, I have decided to do the one thing that will truly make people happy - build amusement parks. Yes, I have decided to spend Election Day building amusement parks filled with wooden roller coasters, hedge mazes, haunted houses, and log flumes, because, when it really comes down to it, what makes people happier than spending very little money on mechanical contraptions that make them scream and giggle and hurl?

Yes, I will be a Roller Coaster Tycoon. I will assemble a steel roller coaster using only my PC mouse. I will make it cost only \$2.00 to ride, and if I know anything about my customers, they will absolutely love this rate. It may cost \$40 to get into my park, but with a ferris wheel, a swinging ship, and a bumper boats ride, who could resist a price like that?

It's a game about making people happy.

You see, when the real world gets you down, sometimes you have to fall back into a virtual world where you cannot be reached. Untouchable. Of course, this is such a common activity today that people who do so are referred to as "Computer Geeks," "Nerdos," "Weirdos," or "Mark Hugo." Mark was an e-business man.

Anyway, as a Roller Coaster Tycoon, I will be able to hide from my work, keep away from presky advisors, and pretend that I'm getting laid when people knock on my door. It will always be sunny, people will always be happy to see me, and the only thing that could ever depress me is using the bathroom, due to the fact that I don't have a virtual bathroom in my room.

Well now, there's a good idea. Why not create a program that alleviates virtual bladder woes? There are virtual bathrooms in my virtual amusement park. It just makes sense.

So, what is there left to say but I'll see you all next week in Canada. Once Bush becomes the new President, I plan on moving up north into the more arctic temperatures and e-mailing the *Omen* back here to be printed. Of course, it won't matter since we'll all be made a part of the army, or farmers, or some thing like that. Maybe space aliens will finally come to Earth finding us "easy pickins" as they say on their home planet.

When I begin writing editorials under the regime of the new president, they will go something like this:

"Heh. Space aliens. Remember when Norm MacDonald was on Weekend Update on *Saturday Night Live*? He was funny. Damn funny. I wish I wasn't so full of shit. Where are those article goblins that are so damned funny? Close by, I hope."

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

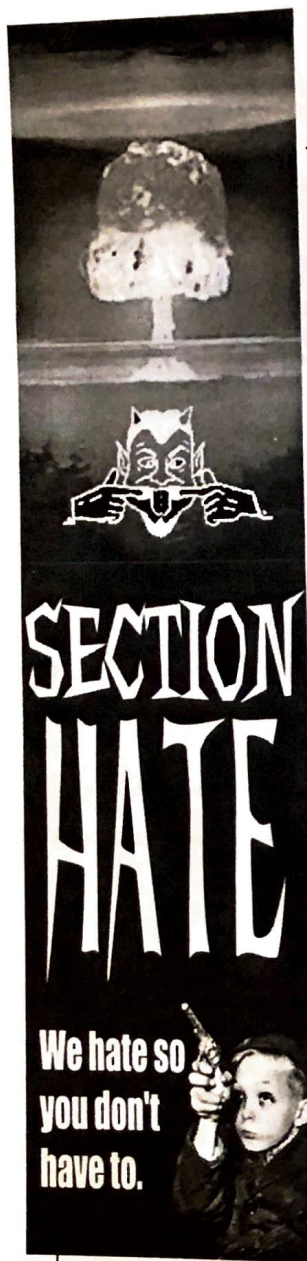
Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond.



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TOKEN LATINA WILL NOT LIKE YOUR FUZZY ANIMAL

I am not even going to beat around the bush with this one: I really do not like cute furry mammals at all. It's true. I don't well up with warm fuzziness when I hear about mods being visited by cats. If anything it makes me glad I am still safe in my dorm. I don't practically crumple up and die from sheer orgasmic delight when someone makes me pet his or her gerbil. Puppies cause great anxiety in me and I can't help but think the majority of them aren't very cute anyways. Needless to say I have scared various people with this attitude. Typical conversation:

Avid animal lover like yourself: "But Token Latina...isn't my little pet fuzzy wuzzy so cuddly and adorable?"

ME: "uhh...yeeeah."

Avid animal lover like yourself: "Don't you want to pet it and love it? Pet it! Pet it!"

ME (breaking out into cold sweat): "Uh maybe tomorrow. Gee look at the time. I have to go water my...uh...chia pet."

Animal lovers have always intimidated me. It is like they have a language all their own. They can manage to discuss with great enthusiastic detail what their pet has accomplished that day—which is usually nothing. Their faces

get all weepy and silly when they see other animals. They expect me to understand the intricacies of the love they have for their furry pet. It is like some sick drinking game. I have to fondle the pet for so many minutes and then I will be rewarded with giggles of appreciation. I find it relatively depressing that a ferret can turn a group of sensible beings into a high-pitched squealing mess. It is admittedly amusing to me at least to watch them fight over who gets to touch the ferret first and for how long. The ferret gets more hugs than the average person at Hampshire. Something about that is just not right. When this sort of thing occurs I usually just sit back, watch and become horribly depressed. Why can't I love this ferret like everyone else? Perhaps I wasn't given the "I must love every mammal within sight" gene.

Perhaps the reason I dislike pets so much is because my mother very wisely never let me have even a goldfish.

Sometimes she would let me own cacti. But unfortunately I have killed every plant I have ever owned, including cacti. Over the years however I developed a great liking for reptiles and amphibians. I love them. Back home they were my friends. I loved the way tiny gecko lizards would

BY LAURA TORRES

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

ASS-ASS-INATED

BY KATHLEEN CHADWICK

After careful consideration, I, like so many others, have decided exactly what is wrong with Hampshire. We need more money. Because, let's face it, money solves everything. Maybe it won't buy you love or success, but it will buy you sex and the trappings of success. That's all you really wanted anyway. So what we really need is a bigger endowment. Everyone knows this. (See Gwynne's article in the last *Omen* and read about the Smith Greenhouse.)

There is one easy, quick, way to a bigger endowment. Assassins. No, not the musical, or the game with stalking and water. Paid killers. Hampshire needs actual hit men. Follow my logic here.

Step 1: We send out a "survey" to see how some of

our alums are holding up in the real world. Innocently placed among questions such as "Where do you live?" and "Do your dogs bark at intruders?" are the two important questions. "How much money do you make?" and "How much money are you leaving to Hampshire when you die?" Thus we weed out any poor alums, and those whose death will not benefit us (yet).

Step 2: We compile two lists. These lists are known as the "Immediate Investment" and "Long Term Investment" lists. On the first list are the people who have already accumulated quite a bit of money and have no one but Hampshire to leave it to. We have to have them killed before they can change their minds. The second list consists of people with high salaries. The second

list we let live for a while. Why kill them now when they're still making money? Better to let them live and make more money, then kill them later when they've reached peak potential.

Step 3: We send out our troop of highly trained assassins to the homes of people on the first list. Our endowment would triple overnight. Slowly we start collecting the people on the second list, too, as they hit their money-making peak.

While not out killing alumni, the assassins could attend Hampshire classes and break people's kneecaps for using words like "paradigm", "hegemony", and "socio-economic."

Now we just need to produce alumni who have the skills to get real jobs.



TOKEN LATINA...

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

manage to sneak into my house and be found on the fax machine. I loved the way they would wrap their tail around your finger and stick their little forked tongue out at you. I love forked tongues. I love the little brown frogs you can find in the rainforest. They chirp and sit very quietly in your hand. Iguanas are even cooler. They startle me sometimes though. It is a little disconcerting to go down to breakfast and see an iguana slither by.

So I am a tad bit wor-

ried. Is there something inherently wrong with my intense dislike of and refusal to be won over by the big red eyes of a white rabbit? Is the fact that I don't think your golden retriever is best thing since sliced bread wrong? Why is it that when I see your rat, I lie at night awake worrying that it might procreate? Or that perhaps I would like to use it for a genetics experiment in Cole? Is there a support group for people like me? I am tired of the quizzical looks I

receive when I confess that I have no desire to be within ten feet of your pet. I am tired of you pet lovers out there with your abominably cute stories about how your rat tangled itself into the cutest little ball of wax you ever did see. What do I care how long your cat slept on the sofa that day? Well I don't. And I have decided to stop hiding in the shadows of animal hatred. I am Laura Ann Torres, and I do not like kittens and puppies.





Section ZOLE



MOD IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

Last year Jacob Chabot wrote an article entitled "Dorm Rat Rant" which outlined some of the reasons he didn't mind being a fourth-year student living in the dorms. These reasons included pre-paid meals at the Dining Commons, bathrooms cleaned by physical plant, and not having to walk all the way across campus to get to class. I hadn't really thought about the mods much, figuring I'd try to get into one later in my Hampshire career, but Jacob's article made a lot of sense to me. I no longer felt the need to live in a mod.

Later that year, most of my Hampshire friends (minus the ones who were transferring) decided to lottery for a mod. Being a Div 1, I wasn't worth any points, and I wasn't particularly thrilled about the idea of living in a mod, but I asked them to count me in anyway. I find that mod people generally don't get out to the dorms too much, and I still wanted to see my friends. The problem was, I was dating one of said friends, and we all know that "Mod Booty is Bad

Booty" is one of the Ten Commandments. So without being consulted, notified, or even apologized to, I was crossed off the list of potential modmates. At the time I acted like I was okay with that.

In reality, I was fucking

pissed. I didn't mind having to live in the dorms; I actually preferred it. What pissed me off was the sudden change my friends had undergone. They didn't reject me because I'm annoying, or because any place I live in becomes a perpetual mess, or because I like the Dreamcast, all of which are perfectly good reasons to want me out of your mod. They rejected me because I might have potentially made their utopian living space uncomfortable (by breaking up with my girl friend, which incidentally hasn't happened), and in pursuit of their goal (a mod) I was cast out. Absolute power corrupts absolutely; mod power corrupts modly.

Now, I'm not saying that you mod people are bad people. You probably don't have an evil bone in your collective body, and if I meet you I will treat you no differently than anyone else.

COLLEGE IS THE CLOSEST THAT MOST OF US WILL GET TO BEING MONKS.

As a person, I respect you. But as a mod resident, you irritate me. You have become accustomed to mod life, and without realizing it you've come to feel a sort of condescending pity for those still forced to live in the dorms and eat Saga. Out of sight, out of mind, and suddenly dorm residents are the have-nots. I don't hate mod people. Hell, most of the Omen staff is living in the mods this semester. But I see no reason why you deserve bet-

ter living conditions and I don't.

The way I see it, college is the closest that most of us will get to being monks. Monks sacrifice money, comfort, and sometimes even speech in their spiritual quests. We sacrifice money, spacious living quarters, sobriety and tasty food in our quests for knowledge. (It's a much smaller sacrifice, but the analogy holds.) As far as I can tell, this is the way it should be, and Hampshire would have been better off encouraging students to find (non-existent) off-campus housing than building the so-called "mods". Perhaps the extra money could've been funneled into more pleasant dorms.

I don't mean to be a hypocrite. I certainly have dorm friends I could lottery with, and if we were persistent we would sooner or later be granted the privilege of living in a giant donut. But why? To eschew Saga food for nightly Top Ramen? To trade the Spartan bricks-and-mortar of Dakin for the faux suburbia/raw ugliness of Enfield? To avoid living with anyone I haven't personally interviewed and selected? You don't get to do that with your family. Why should you get to do it at college? So until further notice, the dorms is where I'm livin', and the dorms is where I'm stayin'. If I've offended you, I'm sorry, but not that sorry; you're the one with the phat-ass crib.

So, is everyone enjoying their PlayStation 2? I didn't think so.



PROSE, PIGS, AND POOP

ZAK ZAK
The Omen Maniac

BY ZAK KAUFMAN

You cock sucking bags of spit have finally done it. I've survived you monkey fucking feces lovers for over a year, but even I have to rest sometime. What's the problem you ask (like you don't know)? The problem is that after a dozen articles over the period of a year, I need to recuperate. For that reason, this article has no topic. Not even one. Sure, I'll talk a little about my past articles, I'll mention the Hampshire pigs, I'll even share my vision of the Man-Skirt America, but none of these will truly be subjects.

I first published an *Omen* article during my first semester in the Fall of 1999. The article consisted of a summary of a miniature nervous breakdown I'd had the night before and was extremely touchy-feely.

The next semester was a wild ride as I began racking up articles in a quest to gain the much-coveted *Omen* Staff Member status. I wrote about action-movie theory, Iron-Chef, Taebo, the dangers of bad sarcasm, the army of the Zacharies, and the innate superiority of the buzzcut. The articles were all received well, particularly my article on action-movie theory which has significantly affected one of my friends (we'll call him J. LaJeunesse. No that's too obvious, let's call him Jesse L.).

Over the summer I stockpiled several articles, which you granola-whore bastards have subsequently sucked dry like so much celebrity cock, thus creating the present situation.

Speaking of pigs, I recently visited the Hampshire pigs, located in

our spacious community gardens. I needed to record pig squeals for a video assignment, and after several days of unsuccessfully trying to get the noises from ducks a friend of mine suggested I visit the two Hampshire pigs. Armed with a Hi8 camera and a shotgun mike I made my move. I approached the pigs and they excitedly ran up to me, fighting for my attention. I fed them some weeds and their excitement grew. These were some happy fucking pigs.

But they just weren't squealing, and that simply pissed me off. So I asked the woman working in the gardens if there was anything that gets them to make noise. She said that if you spray them with a hose on cold days they squeal, but as I wasn't yet at the point of urgency that required porcine torture, I sought another method. I went to SAGA and got five shiny red apples and returned to the pigs. As I ate the apples I tried to brainstorm on what I could do to get the pigs really excited. It took a while to eat all five apples, but when I was done the brainfood had done its work and given me an idea. I went back to SAGA and got five more apples. No, not more brainfood; these apples were pig squealer apples.

I fed the pigs one of these apples and they loved it. No squeals, but the pigs were clearly joyous. I then offered them the next apple. They said 'Yeah, gimme the fucking apple', but I did not. I again offered the apple. They said 'I want that fucking apple so gimme the fucking apple right fucking now!'

Few people understand the psychology of dealing with a pig.

Your normal apple feeder will panic and hand over the apple. This is wrong. It arouses contempt in the pig heart. Make the bastard beg. He will squeal.

The pig continued: 'What don't you understand? You've got five apples whereas my apple supplies are low, so just gimme the apple and we'll be done. What is the freaking holdup? GIVE ME THE APPLE! GIVE IT TO ME! SQUEEEEEEEEEEE! SQUEEEEEEE!'

My goal completed, I gave the pigs their stinking apples and left them to continue their noble pig life of peeing and pooping as they walk.

Speaking of skirts, wouldn't it be great if men could wear skirts? Not for fashion or anything, but because then we could be completely uninhibited in our bowel movements. Imagine it for a moment. You're walking along the street and you feel that familiar anal pressure. Normally you'd have to search for a smelly porta-potty but not today, because today you're wearing a skirt, good sir. As you walk along the street you can just start pooping thanks to your new lack of pantal constraint. The poop can just flop out of the bottom of your skirt without making a mess. And while you're pooping, why not pee? You can just walk along the street and poop and pee and be free in the new Man-Skirt America.

So now you see what happens when I don't have a topic. It's not fun. Next time, once I've rebuilt a respectable article stockpile, I hope you'll control yourself and not suck it dry quite so quickly.



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

WHORE-O-SCOPES

Capricorn: Stop fucking trying to freestyle. You can't rhyme for shit. You don't make any sense. You're annoying the hell out of me and I'm going to take an axe to your bumbling throat. You're not Snoop Dogg. You're not Eminem. You ain't even Vanilla Ice.

Gemini: Your sign is the name of an American Gladiator. He was the shitty one. He always lost the Q-Tip hitting game and his relay races were weak. You're a disgrace to our country.

Sagittarius: Did you know that you're dying? Slowly, slowly, painfully dying. Feel good though, you say? Well, you sure look like shit, you dumb fuck.

Virgo: Life will never end for you. Your friends will die, your family will die, and even Eric Roberts—star of over 50 direct-to-video films, including *Prophecy 3* and *BitterSweet*—will die. But you will prosper. Enjoy the no-joy hellride.

Aquarius: On Thanksgiving you will drown in a bowl of your own karma. Your Uncle Bob will get off watching it. Your cousins may cry for you, but in reality they just want your stereo.

Leo: It's good to know that your pus-encrusted rash is clearing up. Has anyone ever told you that you're pretentious? I bet you watch "Shasta

McNasty," don't you? Hey—don't make fun of that show, rhyme for shit. You don't make any sense. You're annoying the hell out of me and I'm going to take an axe to your bumbling throat. You're not Snoop Dogg. You're not Eminem. You ain't even Vanilla Ice.

Cancer: For a refreshing change of pace, you will "Get Carter." Did anyone see that movie at all? Mickey Rourke was in it. Damn, he's a sexy mo-fo.

Libra: You will get it. Cancer, that is.

Aries: Do you like clouds? Sunrises? Pixie Stixx? Yeah? Well guess who fucked your dad last night? It wasn't Mom!

Pisces: If you bought anything over the price of \$0.37 today, run for cover. You're supporting the Man you dumb capitalist, and the Naderites will burn you alive after dousing your fat ass in Aqua Net.

Taurus: You think you're so great cause you drive a car that has the same name as your astrological sign, you egotistical bastard. Cut your hair. And take bath while you're at it.

Scorpio: You're still on the waiting list for a film class, aren't you? Give it up, sucka. Succumb to your fate of hunger, homelessness, and crack whoredom.

Gogothin: You was the worst part of *Dogma*. There was no point of you even being there. You suck, you shit monster.



BY AUNDRA L. THEODOS & ZAK KAUFMAN

THE SECRET OF MIMh

J'accuse!



BY GABRIEL MCKEE

Everybody's got a favorite comedy newspaper. Most folks like *The Onion*. Some dig *The Weekly Week*. And some people, God love 'em, read *The Forward*. But my favorite comedic publication is one you may not have heard of. It's the most consistently side-splitting comedy newspaper out there, and it's called *MIM Notes*—the official newsletter of the Maoist Internationalist Movement.

To start with, there's those hilarious headlines. All of the following qualify as "headline news" for the intrepid journalists of the MIM:

- Capitalism still thrives on genocide
- Bourgeois journalism bores itself with its own limitations
- Anti-Mexican yokels told where to stick it
- MIM to South Carolina crackers: "Get a life"
- And, perhaps the funniest of all:
- MIM upholds journalistic standards

And the news coverage beneath those headlines is simply top-notch. For example, *MIM Notes* doesn't just declare Ralph Nader "another voice for Amerikkkan pigs vying for more plunder-pie" and leave it at that. They back up their claim by explaining that "Nader . . . has built

a populist campaign on issues that appeal to Amerika's petty-bourgeois majority." Which explains why he's ahead in the polls. The political cartoons, too, are quite insightful and informative. Witness the picture below, which makes a bold statement about the nefarious plot of the Republocrat party, who plan to start a massive bombing campaign of families picnicking in graveyards. The MIM feels very strongly that all people have an inalienable right to picnic in a graveyard if they so choose without fear of being

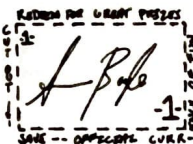


bombed. We should all stand behind the MIM in its brave defense of our right to eat amongst the dead.

I'm also quite fond of *MIM Notes'* entertainment section. Their movie reviews are always

pity yet comprehensive, and oh, so *à propos*. The reviewers are not afraid to be brutally honest in their assessments—for example, one reviewer lashes out against "Girlfight," which "voyeuristically talks about the conditions of national oppression within the Latino nations. . . [but] there is no discussion of the 500 plus years of colonialism that led to [them]." Witness also the Maoist review of "Gladiator," which criticizes the film's many historical inaccuracies, such as Russell Crowe's desire to "get back to his nuclear family and live a normal 19th century farming existence (never mind it's supposed to be 180 AD)." Everyone knows that crops weren't domesticated until 1763, when Robertson McPhardoodle invented interchangeable plants. When it comes to film, those Maoists know what's what—if it ain't revolutionary, it's crap! Down with imperialist Amerikkkan film!

Sorry, folks. I got a bit carried away there with my revolutionary fervor—that's just what *MIM Notes* does to me. But my outburst does bring up an important point: the MIM's use of thought-provoking, deliberate misspellings, such as "U.\$.", "United Snakes," and "persyn." My favorite *MIM Notes* article is entitled "Wimmin spies in Peru demonstrate need



FILM CRITIC
FOR HIRE

ED SOLOMON IS RAD LIKE MY DAD

So I decided to come back to *The Omen* after a stint with *The Forward* and *Starbucks*. Personally I had the most fun and made more friends at *Starbucks*, but I just couldn't make a damned light cream, calorie free caramel latte to save my life.

Blair Witch 2: The Book of Shadows

Blair Witch 2 is not the worst movie I've ever seen. It wasn't painfully bad like, oh let's say, *Battlefield Earth*. A little side note: I hear John Travolta is really psyched about making a *Battlefield Earth* sequel, which is really good news for all those sadomasochists out there or anyone looking to move to Madagascar.

The first five minutes of *Blair Witch 2* are brilliant. Everything about the whole *Blair Witch* phenomenon was parodied. We get to see rabid fans hiking through the forest near Burkitsville, Maryland and interviews with people trying to cash in on the whole phenomenon by selling handcrafted stick people and *Blair Witch* Dirt. There are also interviews with Burkitsville residents who bitch about the overexposure and then go on to say that they don't leave the house now without a fresh coat of makeup. Then suddenly *Blair Witch 2* hits the brick wall like so many sequels before it. To director Joe Berlinger's credit *Blair Witch 2* doesn't hit this wall until five minutes into the film, which is better than most sequels that usually hit this wall a split sec-

ond into the film. The only problem is that *Blair Witch 2* hits the brick wall hard; so hard that there isn't even enough time for the air bags to deploy.

The plot is stupid. Essentially the script is a waste of ninety pages of paper. The original *Blair Witch* was one of the most original horror films in recent memory and there was no need for a sequel. Yes, the original *Blair Witch* made \$140 million domestically and this was obviously this was the deciding factor. A rule of thumb in Hollywood about sequels is that the second film will usually gross about one third of the original. Do the math and *Blair Witch 2* should make over \$40 million. That's not too bad considering it was made for well under \$40 million.

Artisan Entertainment was put on the map because of the original *Blair Witch* and has long been known as a studio willing to put its reputation on the line for edgy, non-mainstream movies. As for *Blair Witch 2*, I guess, like any studio, they've got to make money.

Charlie's Angels

I must admit *Charlie's Angels* was one of the few films I've been pumped for in awhile. This fall has been pretty bad for films when compared to last year, which featured the likes of *Three Kings*, *Fight Club*, and *Being John Malkovich*. I was pumped to see *Charlie's Angels* because I knew it wouldn't have any redeeming values and would just be fun. I was mistaken. It was enjoyable to

watch, but with all the talent involved it could have been so much better. Especially with the likes of Ed Solomon involved. Who is Ed Solomon, you ask? Only the screenwriter behind the unparalleled masterpiece that is *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. *Bill and Ted's* is just a fun movie. Sure there are gaping plot holes but everyone involved seems into it. It just looks like they had fun while they made the movie.

The only people in *Charlie's Angels*, on the other hand, who seem into it are Cameron Diaz and Crispin Glover. Cameron Diaz's character is very oblivious and naïve but at the same time is a scientific genius. This sounds like a weird mix, but she makes it work. Many of the physical comedy scenes involving Cameron Diaz are the best parts of the movie. Yes, the action sequences are eye candy but it just seemed like the in between scenes were there just to kill some time before the next action sequence. In some of the scenes, the character's dialogue gets drowned out because an action sequence is starting.

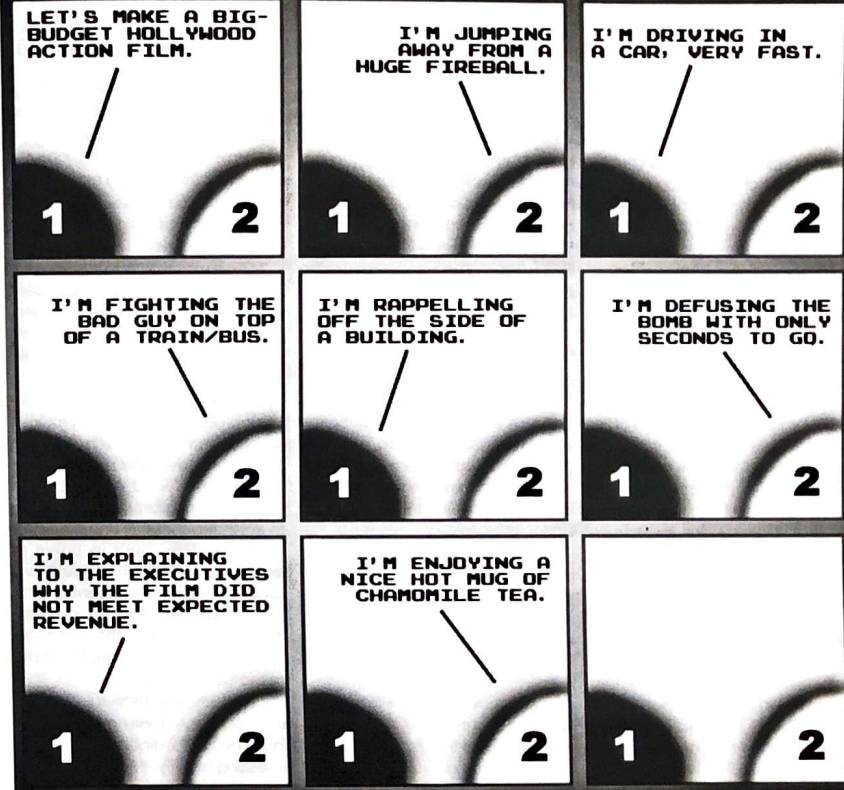
Everyone knows who Crispin Glover is but they probably just don't realize it. He is best known as George McFly in *Back to the Future* and has slowly become one of the better character actors in Hollywood. A movie like *Charlie's Angels* depends on good villains and Crispin Glover's henchman character is the best of the three. He never says anything but his mannerisms make him

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST VIII

★ by M. Zole ★

www.zole.org



ED SOLOMON IS RAD...

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE seem really evil. Sure collecting and smelling the Angels' hair might be a little clichéd but the way he smokes a cigarette is just damn creepy.

Charlie's Angels is going to

make a lot of money in the box office, and maybe some little kid in the audience will be inspired to write a good adaptation of an old television series when he/she grows up. I wouldn't count on it,

though, because we all know little kids are stupid and more interested in "the Pokemon." Oh well, I just can't wait until the "Who's the Boss" movie. It's going to rule.





GEEK LOVE

...AND I'LL FORM THE HEAD

BY KARL MOORE

Whether our new President is, I hope he'll make national defense the first priority of this great country of ours. I'm not talking about the impossible-to-implement Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) a Reagan-era plan that depended mostly on laser beams from space, nor am I interested in the fault-ridden missile shield on which our top scientists are now so feverishly working. What I propose is simple, elegant and above all, powerful.

The Voltron Defense Initiative (VDI), for the layman, consists of five piloted robots (Lions, so called because of their fearsome shape) that assemble to form Voltron, a 600 foot tall robotic gestalt. The Lions would all be of differing color, a symbol of American diversity and a keen artistic statement. Each one would function best in a different climate, so as to ensure that no one bioregion of the United States would have power over the others due to its having more lions. So, necessity dictates their placement in different regions of the United States. All would be nuclear-powered (a form of power which really isn't that bad).

Technology already exists to develop such a system. The October *Journal of Defense and Aerospace Technologies* (JDAT) published the results of a feasibility study performed in 1998: the results were encouraging; were development to begin today, a working prototype could be operational by 2006. The hypothetical Voltron had each Lion being able to run at 200 miles per hour and fly at 1000; Voltron it-

self could fly at Mach 4 and take 200-foot strides. It would also cost an incredibly reasonable \$475 billion. Here's the breakdown.

The Black Lion, the largest and most powerful of the Lions, and the one most crucial to the formation of Voltron would reside in the District of Columbia and be responsible for the Eastern Seaboard above the Mason-Dixon Line.

The Green Lion, the left arm of Voltron, would have a radar-evasive coating that, as any reasonably well-informed person knows, malfunctions in extremely hot or saline environments. Therefore, he would patrol the Pacific Northwest and reside in one of the national parks there. The Northern Great Plains also fall under its jurisdiction.

The Red Lion, Voltron's right arm, would be the most temperature-tolerant of the five, and would reside inside Kilauea Volcano on the island of Hawaii. It would protect the state of Hawaii, and the lower western coast.

The Green and Red Lions would, through a proprietary solid-state gluon assembler, be able to create an ultra-light, monofilament edged sword roughly Voltron's size, capable of cutting through any known material.

The Yellow Lion, the left leg, contains most of Voltron's rocket payload and necessary guidance equipment, which means exposure to moisture must be kept to a minimum. Yellow would be stationed deep inside the Mojave Desert, and monitor the Southwest and Lower Great Plains.

The Blue Lion, the right leg, would probably be most prone to overheating, carrying as it does an experimental plasma cannon. To counteract this, it would remain submerged off the Florida coast when not needed, surfacing to defend the Lower East Coast.

Pilots would be selected from the best in the Navy and Air Force. Care would be taken to include women, minorities, and persons of size, provided that their skills were up to par.

Now you're saying "Karl, isn't a giant robot like the one you're proposing going to require an excess of the same bureaucratic garbage that already overflows out of Washington?" In a word, no. Each Lion will have jurisdiction and an ability to act independently under authority of the President in times of emergency. The President will have to grant his consent in writing, however, should circumstances dictate that the Lions join together to form Voltron, Defender of the United States.

And lest you think this is more unnecessary government spending, The Red Chinese are already investing heavily in *transforming* robot technology- rumors abound at the Pentagon of a robot developed in Xinjiang Province that can transform itself into a *perfectly ordinary bicycle* -and back again! The VDI is our only hope for avoiding a robot gap in the next millennium. The question remains in the hands of the American people. Write the President and your Congressman. Ween Rocks.



'DUBYA' PLEASURE OR WHY IS HE SUCH A FLAMING IDIOT?



BY KELLY FLYNN

Garanted, by the time that this issue is published, we will have ourselves a brand spankin' new President-Elect-type-person. Thus, this article serves two purposes: it allows me to laugh at all of the inbred wankers who actually voted for George W. If he is indeed elected, or conversely, it will induce a huge collective sigh of relief. Kudos to Aaron Marcus, Div. III extraordinaire, for the killer material. So sit back, relax, and chuckle to yourselves, "Hey, neat! Aren't we lucky to be in a country where anyone, anyone at all, can run for President?" (As one Hampshire student put it, "Well, maybe if he's elected, *Saturday Night Live* will be funny again.")

George W. Bush On Family Values:

"Families is where our nation finds hope, where wings take dream."

-La Crosse, WI. 10/18/00

Gov. Bush: "Because the picture on the newspaper. It just seems so un-American to me, the picture of the guy storming the house with a scared little boy there. I talked to my little brother, Jeb- I haven't told this to many people. But he's the governor of- I shouldn't call him my little brother- my brother, Jeb, the great governor of Texas."

Jim Lehrer: "Florida."

Gov. Bush: "Florida. The state of Florida."

-The NewsHour
With Jim Lehrer, 4/27/00

On Reality, or, Lay off the Hallucinogens:

"I know the human being and fish can coexist peacefully."

-Saginaw, Mich. 8/29/00

"I'm gonna talk about the ideal world, Chris. I've read- I understand reality. If you're asking me as the President, would I understand reality- I do."

-re: abortion, MSNBC 5/31/00

"We ought to make the pie higher."

-S.C. Republican
Debates 2/15/00

On Knowing Thyself:

"Actually, I- this may sound a little West Texan to you, but I like it. When I'm talking about- when I'm talking about myself, all of us are talking about me."

-Ibid.

"I understand small business growth. I was one."

-New York Daily
News 2/19/00

"The most important job is not to be governor, or First Lady, in my case."

-Pella, IA 1/30/00

On Power/Leadership:

"We cannot let terrorists and rogue nations hold this nation hostile or hold our allies hostile."

(What would that entail?)

"Screw you, small allied nation! Screw YOU!" "My, but you're being very hostile."

"I have a different vision of leadership. A leadership is someone who brings people together."

-Bartlett, TN 8/18/00

Yes, Well...

"It's your money- you paid for it."

-La Crosse, WI
10/18/00

"If I'm the President, we're gonna have emergency-room care, we're gonna have gag orders."

"It's one thing about insurance, that's a Washington term..."

"I think we agree, the past is over."

-Dallas Morning News 5/10/00

"It's clearly a budget. It's got a lot of numbers in it."

-Reuters 5/5/00

On Giving Us Very Baaaaaad Images:

"How do you know if you don't measure if you have a system that simply sucks kids through?"

-Beaufort, SC 2/16/00

"...And you know, hopefully condoms will work, but it hasn't worked."

-Meet the Press 5/21/00

One Final, Wicked Reassuring Note:

"People make suggestions on what to say all the time. I'll give you an example; I don't read what's handed to me. People say, 'Here, here's your speech, or, Here's an idea for a speech.' They're changed. Trust me."

-New York Times
3/15/00



10 NOVEMBER, 2000

SECTION LIES

EATING OUT THE RIGHT WAY

Sex in Saga. I've heard myths, I've heard rumors, but so far, no concrete evidence has come before me of such a feat. So there lies the question. Can it be done? And if so, how? (Not to mention, with whom, where specifically, and when, so I can bring a camera.)

A little background on this topic: I was chillin with my fellow first-year compatriots at Saga (where else?) when the subject of sex came up. Not unusual. What made this sex talk different from previous discussions was the subtopic, which was not "doable" black-and-white film actresses or when we last got some, but fetishes. And fetishes is a favorite topic of mine, so I had a lot to say.

Most of the girls I know have fetishes for food. The running favorite at this particular table was chocolate, no doubt melted and applied liberally to the body. Honey, caramel, and sticky substances of all kinds were good. I'm not particularly fond of them myself, simply because they can be VERY hard to get out of certain areas, not to mention your sheets are ruined. Whipped cream is another universal favorite, easy to apply and remove. If you're just looking for a way to turn on and torture your loved one, go with ice. It's normally available and dries without staining. But of course, all those substances are very 101 kinda stuff. Basic. A bit more interesting for me are limes, which can be used in multiple fashions. Either A, squeeze juice on to exposed skin and lick, (talk about a great tequila chaser), or B, rub lime

across body. Specifically, cut lime in half and twist repeatedly over tip of... alright, I'm so not going to get any more specific than this. I don't think I know you well enough. Anyway.

The conversation on sex foods turned into one on sexy food. Apparently, all fruits aside from pineapples are sexy. The act of biting into a peeled juicy orange is a huge turn-on. For somebody. Just don't look at me. I thought bananas were pretty obvious, but I still don't like the texture. In fact, I'm not that big on food as a toy in general. Foods are for eatin', stupid!

But turn-ons... that took up a whole different lunch period. In fact, it was breakfast that turned into lunch while we were still sitting there. (Just a side note. Don't you hate when that happens? You're at Saga so long it turns into a whole different meal. Yuck.) It turned out that this particular chica and I had much in common in terms of our turn-ons, and that these were also shared by many other Hampshire fems from first to fourth year.

Do you know how many nerdfreaks we have at Hampshire? Lucky for the guys I guess, that there are so many girls who subconsciously don't look at a guy unless he's wearing glasses. And yes, I admit to being one of those. We want glasses, we want scraggly facial hair, we want that lab-room tan that's so carefully cultivated even over summer. Don't ask me why. It doesn't make any sense. But it's so true! There's nothing that says "I love you" like a copy of Adobe AfterEffects or Quake 3

BY DORIAN CITTLEMAN

FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

pirated just for you.

And once again I'm completely off topic. I was talking about turn-ons and I'm going to stick with it this time. The subject of turn-ons drifted to location. Exotic locales are exciting, or at least they are for me. And they must be exciting for other people considering the number of Showtime specials I've seen on the subject. Oh sure, most of us are perfectly okay with the bed or couch, but there are some more interesting choices, the sauna being the obvious one. Or on top of the RCC pool table. The 2nd floor of the library if you're still looking for privacy but are too lazy to go back to your dorm room/mod. In ASH during an Excalibur screening. One of the "soundproof" booths in the Music and Dance building. Against the fence on the roof of

Dakin. Or, my personal favorite, Saga. Yes, it is my personal dream, and possibly a Div I project, to do the horizontal tango in the "Dining Commons."

But how?! While you have low traffic times in Saga, (before 9, between 3 and 4) it would be very hard to avoid staff, and I don't even want to think about what would happen if Roberta found you. All stars would come off your ID. You'd be out of the breakfast club forever. And if, by some sad twist of fate, you lost your ID, you'd never eat again. So your best option would have to be one of the following: a booth in the front room. Sit on his lap in the back of the corner booth. Sure, it's a little sketchy, but you wouldn't be doing this if you didn't want a little attention. Or, the middle room. There are doors that shut. While the tables

might not be as comfortable as a booth, you could at least line them up for a long flat surface. That's all you really need in the end, a flat surface. And you'll have what disgusting perverts like myself only dream of. The glory of knowing you did it. In Saga. Unfortunately, that might not be the case. You might not feel glorified. There is the possibility that you couldn't live with yourself, knowing you'd taken so many risks for what could only be mediocre, the entire experience tainted by the sick gamer aura of the middle room. But that's a risk you'll have to consider and then decide on. Unfortunately, I seriously doubt you're considering it at all. I'm probably the only one. But that's okay. Because this is what the *Omen* is all about: sharing the vision. My vision. Of sex.



THE SECRET OF MIMh

continuations

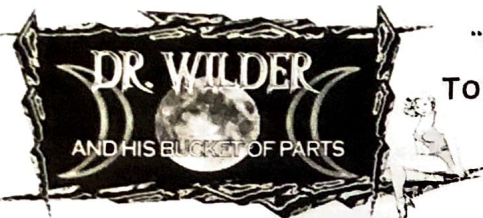
FROM PAGE 9 for politicizing wimmin." Now, I don't know about you, but the spelling "wimmin" reminds me of two things:

1. Hampshire student-on-leave Justin Philpot's oft-repeated song, which goes:
*I like to go swimmin
with bare-naked wimmin
and swim inbetween their legs.*
2. A similar rhyme of my own concoction:
*Little Timmy Edward Simmons
likes to ogle naked wimmins*

The comic possibilities of these intentional linguistic *faux pas* are, in a word, endless.

But they're not devoid of political messages just because they're funny, these misspellings. Nay, these spellings are intended to make us question our dangerous imperialist assumptions. Witness the thought-provoking spelling of "person" as "persyn"—for the word is clearly intended to exclude all of the daughters of humynity. We all know that the patriarchal term "person" has a direct etymological connection to the word "son." In fact, the word is Latin, and means "white male patriarchal elitist imperialist bastard who opposes the revolution and must be placed in a re-education camp after we Maoists take power." The MIM, by trading a gender-neutral y for that evil, evil male o, declares its opposition to thys crime of the Englysh lnyguage. As you cyn see, the Myoist Internytnalyst Myvemyn uses cymedy to fyght the governmyn of the U.\$\$. Wy shyldd syppyrth thym yn thyyr stryyggylygyynst ymppyrylysm ynd cypytlysm. Vyve la MYM!





"TO THE HAPPY, TAKE HEED. TO THE UNHAPPY, TAKE HEART."

OR
"I'M GOING TO BE A VIRGIN TIL I'M 30.
JUST LIKE THE CHICK ON THE REAL WORLD
BECAUSE WE'RE IN LOVE.
AND WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED."

Whenever I need a good laugh, I drive to New Jersey. I go up to my old bedroom, because it's guaranteed to provide hours of tragic, weepy chuckles. Overturned boxes full of unfinished projects and high-school artifacts, they tell me jokes. There's my diploma, there's a safety patrol slicker, here's a script full of Italian jokes, and nice! questionable photographs, she's someone's wife now. All that dusty junk has a better memory than I do, and with its help, I start to sneeze. Then, after I've taken two Benadryl, I pass out. Then finally, in that floating sleep, I view the most vivid reenactments of who I used to be.

I'll tell you what: I was one funny guy. There I am! A stable, motivated, and cheerful lad, ready to untangle the Gordian knot with my toes. I'm singing! "I'm here to kick ass and take names, but my crayon's broke!" I don't know the melody, and it doesn't rhyme, but I'm singing it anyway!

You never see it coming, do you? I'm willing to bet that you can remember yourself just the same, floating somewhere in the stew of bygones. Maybe you were only six at the time, but at some point, you too went from being King of the Hill, to being the Hill. You never saw it coming either, because you, inherently, are dumb. Like me.

Along I went, boo-de-doo, just minding my own business, deeply dum dum, being handsome and

clever, churning out miracles by the bundle, and then, dum deed dum, of course, bum bum bum, here comes love. Whack. Right in the groin. Nothing like love to ruin a perfectly good lifetime.

Did I get fucked up? Did I ever! I spent the last four years that way. But it's over. I can say with unwavering confidence, "That mess is past." I am, once again, my wonderful self. So now, I sit here and I laugh, and laugh, and laugh and laugh, because I was so inexperienced and blind back then, and I'm not anymore. No! I'm just extraordinarily dumb! I must be, because here I am, King of the Hill, and here I am, doing everything in my power to get back beneath someone.

I've spent the last three or four years recovering from the biggest blunder I ever made—that is, falling in love—and now, I'm feeling well, and I'm saying, "Gee. It'd be nice to have a woman in my life." I'm healthy. I'm happy. I'd be great for someone right now. Jesus, she's so cute, and so funny. This bed is cold. Where's my vodka?

For times like these, I've developed a simple defense. Whenever I feel temptation tugging at my belt, I take a few deep breaths, I drive to New Jersey, and I look back through the junk of a thousand almost-loves. The girl who erased the pencil beneath my inked drawings, the ladies that became my good friends, the women who lost their minds and married dentists—I remember them all one

at a time, and I realize that I could have been stuck in a relationship with those freaks! Immediately following that epiphany, I thank God for putting so much trouble in my way, for dissuading me from such monumentally bad ideas.

Then, I am forced to notice the crushes I'm getting nowhere with right now. "God!" I say in reference to them. "God! Please let her notice me! God, let her take off her shirt while the curtain's open! God, I write these articles, and I never once get a sex-crazed stalker! Where's my stalker? What does a guy have to do to get a stalker? That's it! I'm getting my God beating stick!"

My point is, maybe, just maybe, the voice of Cosmic Reason is actually on my side, calmly saying, "Listen, you just spent four years begging me to straighten your life out. The last thing you need now is to fall in love. So why don't you shut the hell up for a minute? There are children starving in China."

Maybe God is giving me the most help there is to give, by protecting me from one more fucked up relationship with one more unstable someone. Maybe I should take this lesson with me back to Hampshire. Forget sex. Forget love. Forget women. Then again, maybe I should use this article to remind everyone that I'm single, and I really like creative, quirky brunettes.

Nah. That'd just be desperate.



SPANK THAT PROTOSS BLANKET!

BY MATTHEW MONTGOMERY

You know, I have come to the startling realization that I am really not that funny in print. Sure, I occasionally make my friends laugh with a witty quip or sprightly jest. However, when I sat down and decided I'd try and write something funny, all that came out might best be described as a pile of rampaging evil zombie excrement.

I asked my friend Zak to help me out, because he is on my hall and he is funny in writing (well, sometimes). When I asked him if he thought I was funny, he said something like "well, you're not not funny." In a drunken rage, I slammed his face against his computer monitor, and I haven't looked back since (except to steal his 128mb of RAM). Unfortunately, that didn't make me any funnier.

So, instead of being funny, I will talk about Starcraft.

Ah, the Protoss Corsair. Costing 150 minerals and 100 gas, it's relatively cheap compared to other Protoss air units, meaning less strain on the proverbial wallet when you lose one or two of them. Building it takes the same amount of time as a Zealot, meaning a Corsair builds twice as quickly as a Scout (40 cycles vs. 80 cycles, respectively). However, the Corsair is not as strong as the Scout, in terms of vitality (80s/100hp vs. 100s/150hp), or in terms of damage (8 fully upped; 34 fully upped). It has an extremely fast rate of fire, however; its rate of fire is a little less than three times as fast as a Scout, and right out of the box, it's as fast as a Speed upgraded Scout. The rate of fire combined with the fact that the damage splashes outward from the target is what makes the Corsair so fucking cool.

With damage that affects a radius, the net amount of damage in-

creases with the more units your opponent is using against you. Air units "stack," meaning that when you cluster them together, they appear to be under each other. The Corsair exploits this innate characteristic of every air unit. Units that are 50 pixels out take 1/2 damage, and those farther than 50 pixels take 1/4 damage.

This isn't much damage, especially considering that Corsairs already only deal 1/2 damage to Mutalisks and Scourge, the very units that they seemed designed to counter. Even with the penalties, though, the net amount of damage cause from the splash is still considerable. When backed up by Scouts, the odds even up quite a bit more.

And lastly, the most obvious thing that I've been ignoring is the Corsair's neat special ability. Disruption Web is God. You will worship Disruption Web. The Protoss have an elegant solution for everything, and Disruption Web is a much-needed one. Siege Tanks

can be very, very nasty, and damn near devastating when backed up by Marines. Before the Brood War Expansion, you needed either to invest in some Scouts (and expect to lose a lot of health and shields); play games with Shuttles, Reavers, Zealots, and/or High Templar; play with Hallucinations and "hope" that they didn't use something like Ensnare or EMP on you; or just bloody attempt to rush them with speed upgraded Zealots. If you didn't have Carriers at that point, you were in deep shit if you couldn't hold your opponent off; Carriers are excellent

units, but they're way too expensive to mass produce on short notice.

With Zerg Spore Colonies backed by Mutalisks or Hydralisks, it was the same deal; expect heavy losses since Hydralisks in large numbers can seriously own Scouts. Same with Bunkers. Sticking a bunch of Scouts out into the line of fire is asking to get fucked.

Now, all you have to do is point and shoot; Disruption Web makes it so units inside the Disruption Web cannot attack, period. Note that this includes melee units. It does not affect air units, and anything that can move can leave the affected area. However, things like Bunkers and Spore Colonies cannot move.

My advice: use it on stuff that shoots. Terran Siege Tanks, Sunken/Spore Colonies, Missile Turrets, Bunkers, clusters of infantry, you name it. Follow it up with a drop of some kind, or send in an Arbiter for an offensive Recall.

Shuttle in a High Templar in and hit their disrupted asses with a Psionic Storm (from Aiur with Love!). Reaver some Siege Tanks or Bunkers if you like. Dragoons can also have a field day. Archons can work, since their range is slightly

greater than a flat melee attack. Avoid using melee units, like Dark Templar or Zealots; they can get caught in the web and end up doing nothing. You can also use Scouts without fear of reprisal, though it's not the best solution.

Anyway, that concludes this little ramble. Next time, I'll (probably) sing the praises of High Templar and Photon Cannons.



**STICKING A BUNCH
OF SCOUTS OUT
INTO THE LINE OF
FIRE IS ASKING TO
GET FUCKED.**



MISO SOUP FOR THE SOUL

I hate getting sick. It doesn't happen much usually, but here I am writing my latest *Omen* article while suffering through the flu. Staying home sick in college doesn't seem to have the charm of staying home sick in high school. At home I could properly enjoy a day off where I would otherwise be afflicted with compulsory public education for seven hours. At college all I get to do is sleep in a little later, which is very relative seeing that my earliest class is at 10:30. It really doesn't differentiate itself from any other day when I don't have class, except for the fever and my neck feeling like it has been pounded with a cricket bat. I miss waking up around noon to an empty house, whipping up some ramen, popping in some fan-subs and calling it a day.

Being cooped up in my dorm room has given me some much needed time to not write though. Writer's block is really evil, and staring at a blank Microsoft Word document only heightens the annoyance. And when I do manage to tap out a few words, which will inevitably disgust my literary sensibilities, CTRL + A, Delete doesn't even come close to the catharsis of ripping a page out of a notebook crumpling it up and tossing it in the general direction of a garbage can, not really caring if you miss. I'm used to not feeling inspired during the school year, but I am amazed to the degree that Hampshire saps my creative energy. Maybe it is post big projectitis, but as I tap out words, I quickly begin to loathe them. They get discarded for newer, prettier words, which usually suffer the same fate.

I have been able to get some substantial work on a play of mine; though the realization that it will

probably just get farmed out for a Div I is kind of deflating. It's a pretty fun little piece; think Pirendello meets The Invention of Love without fucking A.E. Houseman as the protagonist (I'm not that erudite).

At this point I realize my narrative style is invading this *Omen* article, it happened last week too, in retrospect. Needless to say, I am not thrilled. I like my *Omen* musings to be free of angst, navel contemplation, and unmitigated adolescent nostalgia. And yes, I do really write fiction like that. And don't roll your eyes and scoff, we all know you were just taking a break from writing your untitled poetry to read this article.

Alternatively, I probably shouldn't be writing *Omen* articles under the influence of Tylenol Cold and Flu.

Hopefully sometime soon I'll be able to move my neck more than three inches in either direction and be able to stand up without getting a throbbing headache. Then I can go back to making clever, backhanded asides about the waffle iron or something equally uninteresting, yet strangely fascinating to the entire campus.

Damn, I promised myself I wasn't going to talk about the waffle iron controversy. Of course, the fact that a waffle iron has even managed to snowball its way into a controversy expresses the whole situation much more eloquently than I can.

Until next time, you may ask yourself, what is that beautiful house? And you may ask yourself, where does this highway go to? And you may ask yourself, am I right? Am I wrong? And you may say to yourself, my god, what have I done?

Same as it ever was.



BY JEFFREY PATENOSTRO

FREAKY DEAKY POOR DENTAL CARE

BY AUNDRIA L. THEODOS

People are not shy. Especially strangers with bad teeth, as I've observed.

Take the cashier at Stop & Shop a few weeks ago. A fortyish-year old guy with a shaved bald head, lots of gold chains, rings, bracelets, and mostly gold teeth. Burly. Kinda looked like a *Good Will Hunting* reject, if that makes any sense. I was waiting in his line, seeing as he was at the only register open. He was exceptionally friendly to the people ahead of me, and as I waited for my turn, I grabbed a box of Nerds from the impulse buy section (I'm weak) and placed it with my other stuff on the conveyor belt. The first thing he did was pick up the box of Nerds and ask, "Are you tryin' to tell me sumpin' babe?" then he burst into jolly laughter, as if to reassure me he wasn't upset, even if I did mean something by my candy purchase.

"Uh, nope," I replied, smiling weakly, yet looking around to see where my boyfriend was: just out of calling distance in the magazine section.

"Yeah, sure sure." He winked at me. "So what are you buying so late tonight?" He looked over the stuff I was buying and picked up the Cool Whip. "Ooh hoo! Yum!"

I picked up the brownie mix I was also buying. "My friend hurt her ankle and wants brownies. The Cool Whip is for the brownies."

"Ooh! What time will they be ready? What's your address? I'll be there! Man, I love brownies!" he laughed again. "You know, you're different from my wife. If I want brownies I usually take the

box out and leave it on the counter, as a hint. And sometimes she just puts the box away! Either that or she tells me to make them myself! Ha! And even if I do get brownies, I never get Cool Whip with 'em!"

I tried to keep smiling. My boyfriend came over at that moment and the guy started talking to him about what it was like to work at Stop & Shop. Then he looked at me and said, "Know what Big Y is gonna start doing?"

"No, what?"

"Well, they're going to start selling *Cosmo* in plastic. You know, like it was porno or sumpin'! Can you believe that?"

We expressed disbelief at the fascism of Big Y.

"Yup! Puttin' 'em in plastic. But not us!" His voice was getting louder. "Nope, Stop and Shop is, and will continue to be, all about the cleavage!" The laugh he let out after that lovely proclamation made me shiver. He winked again. "Have a good night you two! Enjoy the brownies!"

OK, so it's not like he was mean, or overly lecherous...just creepy. And his teeth gleamed like those of a low-rate rapper.

The other night, I was at good ol' Whatley with some friends, waiting to get seated. We were talking about how young I was in comparison to all of them, and how age came into play when dating someone. Our conversation went on for a few minutes, and I noticed two truckers behind us listening. At one point, one of them interjected, "Age doesn't

mean a thing. Trust me." He grinned, revealing yellow, corn kernel teeth. I tried to suppress images of him dating a seventh-grader.

Another time at the Super Wal-Mart, a woman came up to me and began talking. She literally came out of nowhere and began yammering. She was missing most of her teeth.

"You here by yourself kiddo?"

"Um, no, I'm just waiting for someone."

"Oh good luck honey! Whenever I come here with my husband, we always get separated too." The fact that she assumed I was waiting for my husband amused me. "Such a big store! I liked it better when they were open twenty-four hours, didn't you?"

"Yeah." I scanned the store, looking again for my boyfriend.

"You could come and do all your shopping at 3 am if you wanted. That was so nice, to have that freedom. We just waited 'til the kids were asleep and then we'd steal away to the Wal-Mart."

Oh my god, I thought. Oh. My. God.

"Did you check the automotive section? Or maybe men's wear?"

"Nope...oh! Here he comes!"

"Bye dear!"

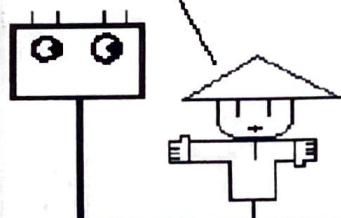
"Bye."

Am I just unfriendly? Am I the only one who doesn't like it when strangers randomly start conversations with me? And why is it always the weirdos? Why can't it be the attractive strangers with all of their teeth? Just once?

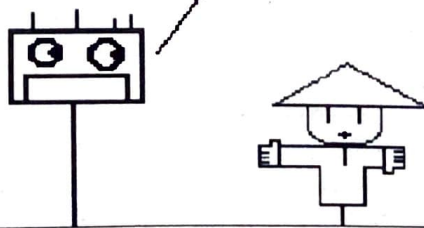




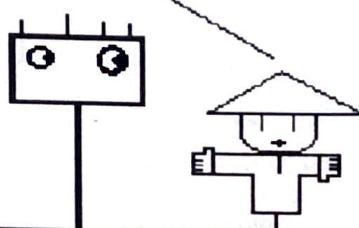
I hope the new President is good.



HE'S GOT TEEETH!!!



But I hear he's tender too.



Screamin' Steven

BY KARL MOORE